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WIN AND WEAR.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Win an honor ere you wear it,
Nothing but your dues receive;
Sons will bleach it, tempests tear it,
If of tinsel make-believe.
Gleam the walks that men inherit,
In and out their lights and gloom,
With the blaze of real merit
And the flash of borrowed plumes.

Suddenly, with angry blaster,
Trouble rains the ways he ranks;
Mark the moves of all that muster
In the motley caravans.
Which will brave the tempest's fury,
Which will wash, and which will wear?
Which to hide themselves will hurry,
Which still on the highway fare?

Lo, to any transient shelter
That may save their tufts forlorn,
Speed the puppets, helter skelter,
Soon to be the public scorn;
While in stately calm the Noble
Who have learned to win and wear
Keep their pace till all the trouble
Passes, and the sky is fair.

Then, what draggled plumes come skulking
Out into the sun again,
With their shamed possessors sulking
At the work of wind and rain;
While, in sunnier joy reflected
From the bath that tried their hues,
Shine the crests by work effected
As reward of honest dues.

Thought and toil that weakened never—
Barning of the midnight lamp—
Patience, trust and high endeavor
Gave them their enduring stamp.
Win and wear! The world's a sweet burden
To Pretense, of specious glance;
True desert will win the guerdon
That outlasts the storms of chance.

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ON THE WATCH.

THE BRIDE'S ORDEAL.

By MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.

AN OMINOUS BETROTHAL.

What doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words. SHAKESPEARE.

Erma Wildering looked up with eyes full of amazement and utter perplexity.

She did not understand the strong agitation with which he spoke, but met his gaze with such an expression of frank bewilderment that Rodolph Wolfsohn, after muttering to himself, "I am a brute," said, in a milder tone:

"Have you a favored lover, Erma?"

"No," she answered, promptly.

"Have you ever had one?"

"No, never."

"Forgive my catechism if it offends you, Erma; but you have drawn me on to love you, with a love that must be to me salvation or perdition! And you have given me your heart! There is no presumption in saying this, Erma, for I know it! What further I must know, is this: Is their any other—Heaven, that I should have to ask it!—is there any other suitor of yours who has any claim upon your heart?"

"No, none!"

"Has there ever been?"

"No never! Have I not already answered these two questions in effect?" she inquired, meeting his searching gaze innocently.

"Yes, you have! You have! But—where there was so much at stake—where my fate hung— Forgive me, love! And tell me why, then, since your life has been blameless and your heart and hand free, why should the joys of domestic life be denied to you, as you say they must be?" he demanded vehemently.

"That is and must remain a secret," solemnly replied the girl.

"Erma, WHAT is it that keeps us apart?"

"I said it must remain a secret!—that is the reason why—" here her voice faltered for just a moment, for, try as she might to control herself, her own strong emotion over-mastered her.

"Go on!" he exclaimed, almost fiercely, although he did not wish to be harsh. "Go on! What were you about to say?"

"Oh, hear me patiently, then," she resumed in a broken voice. "I love you! I do love you, Rodolph! If that knowledge will make you any happier, why, then take it! And to part with you will give me as much misery as it can give you. I feel that this parting will almost break my heart! If hearts were not so tough to bear," she added with a dreary smile, "I could say it would quite break mine. If *that* will reconcile you to our separation, Rodolph, believe it! It is true!"

"But it does not reconcile me. Nothing can reconcile me to the loss of you. And now, since you acknowledge the truth, and avow that you love me—NOTHING shall part us!" he impetuously exclaimed.

"But my secret—my secret, Rodolph!"

"Since it does not involve another favorite lover of yours, a rival of mine, I do not care WHAT it is. It shall not divide us, Erma."

"But oh! if you knew—if you knew what it is, Rodolph, I tell you that you might cast me from you!" she cried, wringing and twisting her fingers in the anguish of her soul.

"Cast' you from me, my queen! my love!" he exclaimed, dropping down again on one knee beside her chair, taking her hand and gazing up into her face, with all his soul burning through those noble eyes. "Erma, I do not ask you for your secret! Keep it. I ask you for yourself! Give yourself to me!"

"*Oh! oh!* What must I do? What ought I to do?" she wailed, drawing her fingers from his clasp and wringing her hands.

"Give yourself to me, Erma! Give yourself to me!" he implored.

"*Do* you know what you ask? Would you—would any man, and you speak of all men—endure a wife who had a sinful, shameful secret that she kept, and must forever keep, from her husband's knowledge? she moaned, her face white with agony.

"Yes!" he cried, impetuously starting to his feet in his earnestness. "Yes, if it was *not her* fault! YES!—A thousand times YES! It is you whom I want, you, my own dear love, and not your secret, Erma! Is this the only reason why you would reject me?"

"Yes, the only reason. Oh, Rodolph," she breathed, in a tone that brought him to her side again—"I was so happy in your society that I was almost lured into forgetfulness of all that I should have remembered. I did not know whither I was drifting, and drawing you or being drawn by you, until the thoughtless jesting of little Fleurie Fleetwood opened my eyes and I saw that we were floating to the brink of a dreadful fall. Then, Rodolph, I tried to turn back. I tried to save us both. I denied myself to your visits and avoided *tête-à-tête* when we met in other company. And—oh, I suffered as much as you!"

"And was it only on account of this concealment?"

"Oh, yes! Only on account of this!"

"Then this SHALL never divide us! Erma! My Erma! Tell me now that you will be mine!" he exclaimed, seizing both her hands and pressing them warmly to his lips.

"If you will have me—burdened with my secret," she whispered in a trembling tone.

He started up and caught her in his arms and pressed her to his heart.

"Now, there must be no going back on your part! No taking me on the part of the family here! Come, my love!"

And he drew her arm within his own and led her from the drawing-room and into the parlor, where the family circle still sat around the fire.

They all looked up with surprise on seeing him enter with a frankly happy face, and bearing Erma Wildering on his arm.

He went straight up to Mr. Gladden, and standing before him, said, with the oddest mixture of gayety and grimness:

"I have come to beg your pardon for having so abused your hospitality as to have—"

"Persuaded our charming young friend to leave us," said Clement Gladden, striking in and finishing the sentence. "Well, I expected nothing less of you, Wolfsohn—Son of a Wolf. And I forgive you, and I wish you well," he added gayly, as he shook the brown hand of the young man and raised the fair fingers of the young girl to his lips.

"It is not my purpose to leave, however, Mr. Gladden, until my term is up, nor even then unless you shall have found a substitute for me," said Erma, in a low voice.

"We will see about that, my dear girl. We must not lose our selfish interests and feelings stand in the way of your happiness and that of our friend here," answered the old man, blandly.

Then turning to Mrs. Fleetwood and Miss Mesh, he exclaimed:

"Well, my dears, our young couple here are ready to receive your congratulations."

Koester and Fleury, who had not been spoken to at all, were the first, however, to respond. Both jumped up, dropping their work, and hurried to Miss Wildering, Fleury seizing her right arm and Koester her left.

"I told you so!" said Fleury. "*I* knew how it was going all along, and I told you so; but you ordered me to hush and never to speak of *such* a thing again! And now you see I was right! Yes, and I was right in another thing, too! And you'll find it so! Mind if you don't."

"And what is that other thing in which you are a prophetess, Miss Fleury?" inquired Wolfsohn, smiling, for he was so happy.

"Oh, *she* knows! I warned her of it! It is: 'Change the name and not the letter, And for worse and not for better!'"

"But I don't understand! I am all in the dark!" laughed Rodolph, as he placed a chair for his betrothed and caused her to sit down.

"Oh, *she* understands well enough. W for Wildering and W for Wolfsohn. Yes and my goodness! I did not think of that before! W for W and W for woes! Oh, this is going to be a wicious wedding, Mr. Wolfsohn and Miss Wildering. You had both better back out of it!"

"Fleurie, behave yourself!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleetwood, severely, as she put out her hand, seized the young lady by the skirt of her dress and drew her away from Erma's side.

"You and let me alone! Your tongue is hinged in the middle and runs at both ends, don't it, Fleury? How I want to say some thing to Miss Erma. Don't you be too fast, Miss Erma; because I meant to marry you myself. I did! I told Quil about it. And I told Fleury, too. Fleury told me that you was too old for me, and that I was nine and you was eighteen, which was twice as old as me, so when I would be twenty-five years old you would be fifty, and when I would be fifty you would be a hundred years old, if you lived! But I don't care, Fluffy, *she* don't want you to marry anybody, and she is trying to scare you out of marrying Mr. *Wolfsohn*, and trying to scare me out of marrying *you*. I ain't afeard. Wasn't Napoleon Bonaparte's wife, the Empress Josephine, ever so much older than he was, and—"

"Weren't they divorced? put in Fluffy from her corner of the fireplace.

"Don't care. So are other people. Wasn't General Washington's wife ever so much older than he was? And weren't *they* happy? Oh! So, Erma, if you'll have me, I will! I grow up as fast as you can, and I'm sure I'm as tall now, oh, I tell you what I'll do, Mr. Wolfsohn, if you will only let Erma come and live with us, I will grow up right off, and be ready to marry you in a year! Only you will have to wait for me, you can wait for Fluffy, too!"

"Thank you; but I am twice Miss Flurry's age now, and, according to her arithmetic, by the time she is twenty-five I shall be seventy-five, and she might not like that," laughed Rodolph.

"And so you won't do it?"

"The offer is tempting, but I am afraid I cannot."

"Well, never mind, you are so much older a man than I am that maybe you will die before I grow up, and then I can marry Erma all the same."

"Thank you—for Erma," said Mr. Wolfsohn.

Mrs. Fleetwood rang the bell.

Aquilo answered it.

"Take this troublesome boy off to bed," said the lady.

Rodolph protested, but his mother insisted, and the servant obeyed.

Rodolph Wolfsohn, who had remained standing behind Erma's chair, now took his leave, asking permission to return in the morning.

Mr. Gladden attended him from the room, and when they reached the hall, said:

"Come into the drawing-room for a moment, my boy. I wish to have a word with you."

Rodolph followed the old man into the vacant *salon* that had been the scene of his interview with Erma.

When they were comfortably seated before one of the fine wood-fires, Mr. Gladden held out his hand to the young man and said:

"I must again congratulate you, my boy. If I am any judge of character, you have won a prize in this young lady. I wish you both much happiness with all my heart."

The young man took and pressed the offered hand, and bowed over it in eloquent silence.

"But it was not only to say this that I brought you here, but—to show shall I begin with a proud fellow like yourself?" inquired Clement Gladden in perplexity, as he looked anxiously into the face of his young neighbor.

"Surely, Mr. Gladden, you may say anything you please to my father's son, and he will only take it in kindness and gratitude," said Rodolph Wolfsohn, earnestly, and without a suspicion of what the old man really meant to say.

"Well, I hope so! I hope so! That you will receive my words in kindness, I mean. There is no need of gratitude, my boy."

Rodolph bowed.

"Well, then, this is what I have got to say. Your father and I were neighbors and friends, Wolfsohn. He has done me many a kind turn, which—which—"

"Which you have more than repaid by innumerable kindnesses to him and to his," added the young man.

"No, no! No, no! I meant nothing of the sort, my boy. Your father and I exchanged many neighborly services that we did. And that gives me some right, at this crisis of your life, to—to—to—"

"To counsel his son, if you see fit to do so," added Rodolph, somewhat amused at the old man's strange and blustering embarrassment.

"Yes, yes, precisely! *yes*-ciely—to counsel and assist his son. Therefore, Rodolph, as I happen to be acquainted with the—the—I mean, somewhat acquainted with the condition of your affairs, I hope you will be so good as to allow me to—well, to—place a few idle thousands of dollars at your disposal, as a loan—oh, yes—as a loan, my boy, to be paid at your convenience. You will want to fix up the old house, you know; and—And I forgive me for this interference in your private affairs, my boy; and—your father loved me—and—and what I have offered is most heartily at your service," concluded Clement Gladden, looking down and reddening as if he had just solicited a loan of money instead of offering one.

The humility and embarrassment of the old man's attitude took all the sting of offence from Wolfsohn's morbid pride and sensitiveness.

"My *dear* Mr. Gladden! My *honored* friend! You do not know how deeply I appreciate your generosity, and how sincerely I thank you for your kindness. But you will understand, I am sure, and pardon me, if now when I tell you that the first humble ambition of my life is to get out of debt, and to keep out of debt—not to sink deeper into it. You will pardon me, therefore, that while deeply sensible of your liberality, and grateful for your offered loan, I am compelled to decline it," said the young gentleman, gratefully.

"Very laudable! Very laudable in you to wish to avoid debt, my dear boy. Well! I said a loan; but, in fact, if I had spoken my heart's real wish, I should have begged you to let me do a father's part by you, and on this occasion of your approaching marriage, give you the help I should have given my own under the same circumstances. I have no children of my own *here*, you know. *My* children are beyond all poor earthly needs. If you would permit me—"

"My *dear* Mr. Gladden!" exclaimed Rodolph, taking and clasping the kind hand that would have helped him—"my noble friend! If I could bring myself to accept a gift from any man, it would be from you, and only from you! Pardon me if I must still seem ungracious, while I must thankfully decline it."

"You are very high-spirited, my boy! Well, well, remember this—that if ever you *should* need a friend, here am I to serve you to the utmost extent of my power."

Again Rodolph Wolfsohn pressed and bowed over the hand that he could not refuse, and then he took leave of Clement Gladden and left Brighthoune.

Mr. Gladden returned to the drawing-room, pondering on the problem how he could best help his poor but proud young neighbor.

"Darkwood is a hopeless wilderness, and Darkwood Lodge a ruin! How can he think of asking a young lady to share such a home? And how is he ever to improve it without money? I give it up! I give it up! Yet, perhaps, I might find some means of helping him, through *her*. I'll think of it! I'll think of it! Now, there is Blantyre, with landscape gardeners, builders, upholsterers and decorators, turning Blantyre House and park into a perfect paradise for his matronly bride. And here is this poor young Wolfsohn without the means of mending his dilapidated old lodge for the youngest and prettiest bride that has ever been seen in this neighborhood! They will have a house, such as it is, to cover them, and food, such as it is, to keep them alive, and that will be about all! And yet I encouraged him to marry, and I know I was right. But having done so, I am bound by honor and gratitude to make that poor girl comfortable—I must indeed!"

Before the old man had finished his mental soliloquy, he had opened the door and re-entered the parlor.

He noticed that Erma Wildering and her pupil, Fleurie, had both withdrawn from the room.

He was sorry for that circumstance, as it would give Mrs. Fleetwood and Miss Mesh the opportunity, which he knew they would seize, of opening their batteries upon him, in attacking his intended marriage.

Uncle, what *could* you have been thinking about to have favored such an improvident match?" began Mrs. Fleetwood.

"Thinking about making young people happy, my dear, by encouraging them to obey the very first law given to man by his Creator," replied Mr. Gladden, quietly sinking into his old arm-chair.

"Well, for my own part, I was so shocked that I almost forgot to offer my congratulations! I was glad when the children made a diversion that covered our silence—though they *did* carry it too far, in the end, so that I had to send off Eustace to bed! The man is a lunatic, and the girl is an idiot to think of such a marriage!"

"That is very strong language, my dear Susan."

"Not a bit *too* strong! What will they have to live on? You will have to support them! Mind that!"

"My dear, I should be perfectly willing to help them if Wolfsohn would allow me, which I doubt."

"I don't doubt, then!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleetwood.

"Neither do I!" chimed in Miss Mesh.

"My dears, is it not bed-time?" inquired the old gentleman, rising and ringing the bell.

Aquilo responded to the summons by entering with a tray of bedroom candles.

Mr. Gladden handed one to each of the ladies, took the third himself, bade them good-night, and left the room—to escape the altercation.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MORE OMINOUS MARRIAGE.

Life treads on life, and heart on heart;
We press for close in church and mart,
To keep a dream or grave apart.
E. B. BROWNING.

From this time, Rodolph Wolfsohn, as well as Russell Blantyre, became a daily visitor and welcome guest at Brighthoune.

Every afternoon at five o'clock, Erma Wildering dismissed her pupils for the day, and went up into her own room to dress for the evening, and to watch from her front window for the approach of her lover.

On these short winter days, at this hour, it would be twilight; but as the woods were bare, and the ground was covered with snow, also could, while sitting at the window of her darkened room, which was only dimly lighted by the wood-fire in the fireplace, easily discern the first appearance of his figure as he came walking up the narrow path leading up the wintry, wooded hill to Brighthoune.

Then she would go down to welcome him as he entered the drawing-room, lifting the old, rusty, black felt hat from his handsome dark face, that looked all the more distinguished from the contrast of his threadbare coat.

Erma felt that she loved him all the more for his voluntary, courageous poverty.

Very different was the aspect of Captain Blantyre, who came in faultless evening dress, black broadcloth, swallow-tailed coat, lavender-colored pantaloons of the latest cut, vest and gloves to match, polished patent-leather boots, and so forth.

The captain also always came riding in a sulky drawn by a blooded horse, while the poorer gentleman, though coming from a greater distance, came on foot.

Erma saw all these contrasts, and the only effect they had upon her heart was to make her love her poorer lover with all the deeper tenderness and higher honor.

Meanwhile Ada Mesh watched and listened, seized every opportunity, and neglected no means of discovering Erma Wildering's secret; but hitherto without success. The few letters that she had contrived to get a sight of had been very cautiously worded, and had only increased her curiosity without gratifying it.

"*Now*, however," she thought, within herself, when she heard of Erma Wildering's betrothal, "there must be something more than in the correspondence of a lady with the Bishop of her approaching marriage, and he will have something to say about it. I must see both letters, if possible."

Ada Mesh had the opportunity to have their letters written and sealed by the afternoon of the day on which they might be ready for Aquilo to take to the post-office at Ice Cliff early in the morning when he went to bring the mail home.

Miss Mesh loitered about the hall and staircase for several days, at the usual hours for observing the family mail service, without learning anything new.

At length, however, one afternoon, just as the little school was let out, Miss Mesh, sauntering leisurely in the front hall, saw Fleurie Fleetwood fly down the front stairs with a letter in her hand.

"What is that, Flurry?" inquired the lady, stopping the child.

"Oh, it is a letter Miss Erma gave me to give Uncle Clement to put in the mail-bag," she answered, holding the missive up to view.

Miss Mesh saw that it was directed to the Right Reverend Doctor Abel Whiting, Bishop, &c.

"Well, give it to me. I am just going into Mr. Gladden's study to take my own letters. I can take that as well," said Miss Mesh, reaching forth her hand.

Fleurie held the letter out to the woman, and then, quick as lightning, snatched it back and clasped it fast.

How like a flash are the intuitions of childhood! Fleurie acted on an impulse that she could neither understand nor resist.

"Give me the letter, my dear," said Miss Mesh, in as careless a tone as she could assume.

"No, thank you, Miss Ada. I was sent to take it to Uncle Clement to put in the mail-bag, and I had better do it myself," answered the child, holding the letter close to her bosom.

"But why, then, was I am going to him myself? Why should both of us go?" asked Miss Mesh.

"Why indeed? Let *me* take *your* letter also, Miss Ada. It is better that I should wait on you and do *your* errand than that you should wait on me and do mine," said the child, with some reason.

"There, then, thank you, Flurry. Take my letter and go," answered Miss Mesh, who was afraid to persevere lest she should excite suspicion that might defeat all her future projects.

Fleurie went off, singing, to her uncle's study, and Miss Mesh remained walking up and down the hall, sorely disappointed, and wondering whether there might yet be an opportunity for her to get a sight of that letter before the mail-bag left the house. It would start the next morning by daybreak, she knew; but where it would remain during the night, or whether she could get access to it, she could not tell.

Her cogitations were interrupted by the sound of wheels on the gravel walk before the house, followed by a resounding knock on the outside of the door and met by the hurrying steps of the servant Aquilo, who opened it to admit Captain Blantyre.

The gay captain bowed with lowly reverence to Miss Mesh as he passed on to the drawing-room.

The next moment Rodolph Wolfsohn entered so noiselessly that Miss Mesh only became conscious of his presence when she turned and found the dark, picturesque figure of the young man standing before her, rusty black felt hat in hand.

Miss Mesh, of course, Mr. Wolfsohn. Miss Wildering has not come down yet. Mrs. Fleetwood and Captain Blantyre are in the drawing-room—*tête-à-tête*, you know. Will you walk into the little parlor? There is a good fire there," said Miss Mesh, leading the way to a front room opposite that one which the first two had entered.

Rodolph Wolfsohn bowed and followed the lady.

"Sit near the fire. It is very cold. I have never known so cold a winter when the snow lay frozen over so deeply on the ground before," continued Miss Mesh, as she hospitably pointed to an arm-chair in the chimney-corner.

"Thanks," said the young man, bowing again, as he seated himself.

Miss Mesh took the next chair, remarking casually:

"Erma is not ready to make her appearance yet. She has been writing letters home—to

her parents, I suppose. Are you acquainted with her parents, Mr. Wolfsohn? But of course you are."

"No, really I am not," answered the young man, unusually, feeling for the first time how very strange it was that Erma Wildering had never mentioned her father or mother, nor ever made the slightest allusion to any member of her family.

"*What!* Not know anything about the parents of your betrothed! I am not aware you unusual? To be sure we know nothing whatever of Miss Wildering's family. She has never breathed a word about one of them to me; but I surely thought she must have been more communicative to you, her affianced husband," said Miss Mesh, musingly.

"I—presumed her to be an orphan. She is in deep mourning, as I supposed, for her parents. If my supposition is true, why, of course, the subject of her parents would be a very painful one to her. She would naturally avoid it," replied Rodolph Wolfsohn, as an excuse for his betrothed, and as a sedative to his own painfully excited thoughts.

"I do not see that! Dutiful and affectionate children love to speak of their parents even though they may not be able to do so without tears," said Miss Mesh.

"Individuals are sometimes exceptions to general rules. I do not think Miss Wildering is one of those who are apt to talk of their private sorrows," said Mr. Wolfsohn, with some grave rebuke in his manner.

"I know she is not, with us, at least! With you I thought she would have had no concealments."

"Concealments!" echoed Rodolph Wolfsohn, as his face flushed and his dark eyes flashed.

But Miss Mesh having sent her most effective shaft, prudently retired behind it by slipping out of the room.

Rodolph Wolfsohn arose in much agitation and began to walk up and down the floor.

Who was this Erma Wildering—this dark enchantress who had ensnared his soul and body—to whom he was bound in life and death? Who was this mysterious girl of whom he knew nothing more than that she was a beautiful young woman who came to the neighborhood recommended by Bishop Whiting?

But she was endorsed by the bishop, and that was deemed to be enough for the worthy family who had received her, and ought, perhaps, to be satisfactory to him as a man of noble race and of unblemished honor.

Yet, what was the secret she was keeping even from him, her betrothed husband?

But he had promised that this secret should make no division between them, and he had resolved that he would keep his promise.

Besides, he loved her! He loved her with a passion that was destiny to both, whether to their salvation or—perdition.

He continued to walk up and down the room with irregular steps and troubled thoughts until the door noiselessly opened and Erma Wildering entered the room.

He went to meet her smilingly—all dark thoughts disappearing in her presence, as the shades of night before the dawn of day.

"You are late in coming down, dear," he said, half reproachfully, as he led her to the sofa and seated himself by her side.

"I have been writing to my old friend and benefactor, Bishop Whiting, to tell him of our betrothal, dear Erma, with a smile, and adding: "And afterward I had to change my dress."

"He is your guardian, I presume—this venerable prelate?" ventured Wolfsohn.

"Well—no, not quite that. Bishop—yes, in some sort he may be called so," replied Erma, hesitatingly and unwillingly.

"Oh! I did not know, I thought perhaps, you were an orphan—" said Mr. Wolfsohn, stopping then, and looking straight in the face of the girl.

She lowered her eyes, and did not answer his implied question.

Rodolph Wolfsohn sighed, and shuddered.

An awkward silence fell between them that lasted for the few minutes before the ringing of the tea-bell.

Then Erma Wildering arose. Her pale face was even paler than usual, and her eyes were full of anguish as she laid her hand on the top of his chair, and murmured in an agitated voice:

"Rodolph, I have a word to say to you, and I must say it now.

"Say on, then, Erma," he answered, mournfully, as he also arose and stood before her.

"Rodolph, I love you. Heaven only knows how truly. But—if ever you have a painful suspicion or damaging thought of me, which you regret our betrothal, Rodolph, you must consider yourself free to break it."

He gazed on her with widely dilated, burning orbs.

"Break with you! Give you up! Never! No, Erma! Whatever may have gone before—whatever may come after, I am yours! You are mine!" he passionately exclaimed, opening his arms and folding her to his bosom.

"*Oh, this is love!*" she breathed, in a sigh of content, as her head sank upon his breast.

"Such love, my Erma, that all else in this world sinks to nothingness in comparison to it. We love each other. What more should it be enough?"

"It is enough," she echoed, softly.

"We shall be very happy, my girl—very, very poor! Shall you care for that?" he whispered.

"Not the least in the world. Oh, Rodolph, I think I love you all the more because you are poor. I also am poor, poorer than you. I have no house and land. You have both."

"I never longed for wealth until now, to enrich you."

"But I do not want to be enriched. I love you better as I love you in this mean attire of suit. I love the old black felt hat that seems such a part of you that I never can fancy you wearing your dark face under it. Is this very foolish, dear Rodolph? Well, I love you and your poverty, and I will gladly share it with you. I do not think I could have peace, much less joy, in wealth and prosperity. Indeed, there are some such poor shrinking flowers that they cannot bear the sunshine. Do you like them, Rodolph? Is this foolish, too?"

He answered with a long, clinging kiss.

And what more of the like "foolish" things might have been said or done can never be known, for at that moment there was a light rap at the door, followed by the entrance of the boy "Rooster," who began to say in an agrrieved tone:

"Didn't you hear the tea-bell? There's Flurry and Fance and me been waiting for our tea ever so long, and nobody never come! There's Captain Bantam and mamma spooning in the drawing-room, and old Uncle Clement and Miss Ada spooning in the study, and now, I'm spooning here, and—"

"What do you mean, you terrible little monster?" laughed Rodolph Wolfsohn, taking, or, rather, retaining the hand of Erma Wildering and leading her toward the dining-room.

"Well, we are most starved! That's what I mean! And Flurry went after Captain Bantam and mamma, and Fance went after Uncle Clement, and Miss Ada, and I have come after you! So there now!" answered Rooster, running on before them.

From the study and the drawing-room came the other members of the family, and soon they were all assembled around the tea-table.

After tea the party adjourned to the cozy parlor, where the tête-à-têtes were taken up and the evening was passed in music and general conversation.

At late hour the two gentlemen took leave and went away.

Soon after their departure the family separated and retired.

Ada Mesh went to her room, but did not go to bed. She sat up and waited.

"The de'il had business on his hand."

And so had Ada Mesh. She had found out by seemingly careless questioning that the mulatto with the letters to be posted usually remained on the master's writing-desk in his study through the night until early morning, when the servant would come in to light the fires and open the window shutters, and finally take the log to carry it to the post-office.

So Miss Mesh put out her light and sat up and watched in the dark until she felt quite sure that everyone was locked, but few were in bed and asleep, with locked chamber doors.

Then she slipped out of her unenlightened her candle and cautiously crept out of her room, closing and locking the door behind her lest by some mere accident someone might be moved to come to the chamber and discover her absence.

She crept softly down stairs to the lower floor, and found her way to the study.

The door was locked, but the key was on the outside. She softly turned it, opened the door and entered.

The little room was already half lighted by a red and smouldering fire of mixed green and dry coal, and, intended to fan through the night, and protected by a high wire fender.

The master's old armchair sat just where he had left it by the black walnut writing-desk, and on the latter lay the mail-bag.

Miss Mesh stepped silently from the room, and died noiselessly up the stairs to her own chamber, where she secured the door before commencing her search of the letters.

She found Erma Wildering's letter to the bishop, and some half dozen others, which she possessed no attractions for her.

She took out and examined the envelope of the envelope with a wet handkerchief, and after some little difficulty and delay succeeded in opening it without injury.

It was dated Brighthouse, January 15th, 18—.

It began by telling of her journey from New York to Virginia, and of her safe arrival at her destination, the gentlemanly attendant who received from the family, and so forth.

Miss Mesh read with disdain the meilage

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYE.

BY MRS. EMILY THORNTON.

Of deepest interest is the human eye!
To me each glances is full of mystery!
I love to watch its changing moods, and tell
The thoughts that lurk within the heart's deep cell!

There is a meaning in a sudden gaze
That oft belies the tongue. The only ways
Of speech are baffled by a flashing look
From eyes more true than word, or actor book.

Sometimes I've watched young children at their play,
And heard their roguish laughter roll away
On sounding echoes, but the shout of glee
Was never needed to impress on me
The fact that they were happy. Dancing eyes
Of blue, and brown, and hazel, sage and wise,
And mischief loving, satisfied me quite
That each young heart was full of pure delight.

I passed a maiden fair upon the street,
Her eyes, sad, mournful black ones, turned to meet
My own, while such a rush of untold grief
Flashed from their depths, that I, too *relief*
Seemed moaned out mockingly upon the air
By unknown voices. While mine fell despair
Brooded beneath each lid, that with a start
I cried, "*she* dies soon of a broken heart!"

From a strange window once I chanced to see
Two great wild eyes bent threat'ningly on me;
It needed but a look, unmeaning stare
To tell that some poor maniac was there.
And when a shrill and frenzied laugh rang out
Upon the wind, followed by scream and shout,
No cat the truth more plainly could unfold
Than that one glare from his wild eyes had told.

Eyes, by a language all their own reveal
Workings which the speech would fain conceal;
Malicious thoughts leave an impression there,
Thereat forth by stealthy glance or moody stare.
Hate, too, I've traced in the dim light of eyes
Fed by sharp glances filled with bitter ire;
The flash of wrath, the look of wild affright,
Of cool contempt, and scorn and loathing hate.

Just as sweet love is painted on the eye,
And buoyant hope and gentle charity,
While mourning ones are often cheered and blest
When sympathetic looks upon them rest.
I catch the magic of the human eye,
If such the truths revealed to passers by.
See that the heart from which all blessings arise
Be right and holy that it teach the eyes.

MISS WYND'S ENEMY;

OR, THE

Mystery of the Cypresses.

By LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A GHASTLY FARCE.

The half-hour of grace which Uplock had allotted to the mother and daughter passed all too quickly to them. Punctually to the moment the villain returned, followed by Sixteen priests with him. Mrs. Wynd and Flor were still sitting upon the bench in the vestibule. Neither arose, but when one look at Uplock's grim, hard, and wickedly relentless visage, they fixed their gaze upon the priest.

"This is the lady, padre," said Uplock, indicating Flor. "She is a little coy," and his dry lips were drawn tightly back over his long teeth in a ghastly smile. "You need not mind her responses. Say the words as quickly as possible. Make her say *no!*"

The priest looked from Uplock to Flor and back again in bewilderment. The solitary watcher from the entire affair, the hidden island in the swamps, the secluded house, the appearance of Mrs. Wynd, the manner in which this strange marriage was being conducted, everything puzzled him.

"Go on!" said Uplock, in a voice of command. "Proceed with the ceremony, padre."

"Certainly, certainly!" responded the priest, nervously. "Be so good as to take your place. You have a marriage-license?"

"Of course," declared Uplock. "I want everything legal, you know. The lady must be my wife as securely as the law can make her. Come, Flor!"

He held out his hand to the girl, glowering upon her with a look of menace that would have made a brave man quail. But she, white as death, with a dauntless look in her eyes, stood proudly and beyond him at the priest.

"Come!" said he, never, stirred to the soul by that strange gaze—"I am ready."

"But I am not!" murmured Flor, calmly. "I would not marry that man to save my life."

"Nor to save your mother's life?" questioned Uplock. "If you persist in this refusal I will slay her before your eyes."

"Flor," cried Mrs. Wynd, her noble face with its dark beauty glorified by self-sacrifice and undaunted love, "if you marry him to save my life I will never forgive you. What! Swear to a lie? Perjure your soul by a false oath? No, no. Be true to yourself; be true to the principles I have inculcated in you; be true to your God!"

Uplock sneered.

"A sentimental woman is a fool!" he muttered. "I am not to be baffled, Flor. Are you willing to let your mother die, with your eyes?"

"Death is not so terrible as the life you would give us," said Flor. "We will die, my mother and I—we will die together!"

Uplock laughed savagely.

"You are stirring up to the pitch of exaltation!" he exclaimed, mockingly. "You are willing to die—slaughter too willing. I do not intend to kill you, my pretty Flor. You are too lovely to bury away under the soil. Besides, you are worth too much to me. I have risked so much that I am willing now to risk everything. Continue to refuse to marry me, and I will marry you by force, destroy your manhood, and make you to bow my knee and put you in a private mad-house, where you will soon end your days. I am your husband. I shall of course become your heir!"

"I will refuse!"

"Then I shall carry out my threats," said Uplock, furiously. "I'll not be cheated by you, nor driven into exile by two weak women. I'll not be baited in the purpose of my life, the purpose for the attainment of which I have schemed and plotted these twenty years and more. Priest, go on!"

"It is impossible, Capitano," said the padre, with considerable spirit. "The lady is not willing. Such a marriage is a mockery!"

"Perhaps this will remove your scruples," said Uplock, drawing a revolver and presenting it at the unfortunate padre's head. "If I am to be baited, rate a holocaust, I may as well begin with you. Continue to refuse at your peril!"

A cold perspiration started out upon the priest's forehead.

"I assure you, Senor Capitano," he stammered, "such a marriage would not be legal in any country in Christendom!"

"That consideration need not affect you. Go on—or I will blow your brains out!"

The priest glanced toward the deadly, shining tube within a foot of his head, and succumbed.

He knew, as well as Flor and her mother knew, that Uplock's was no idle threat, that the villain would not hesitate to kill him, and life seemed doubly sweet to him now that he was likely to lose it.

"I submit," he said, "under protest. And may God judge you, Senor Capitano! I will marry you, to save this poor girl and her mother from death, or a worse fate, if—"

The shining tube was not lowered. Uplock's icky eyes were fixed upon him in a terrible manner.

The priest had his epitome of church-service in his pocket. He drew it forth, but a sort of blindness had come upon him in his terror. He could scarcely make out the words.

"Do you, Senor Capitano, take this woman to be your wedded wife?" he muttered, and proceeded to see Uplock's marriage-license, nor inquiring the names of bride and groom.

"I do!" declared Uplock, in a ringing voice.

"And you, Senorita," said the padre, trembling, "do you take this man to be your wedded husband?"

The girl's courage was equal to the demand upon it. Her mother's hand pressed hers reassuringly. Her head was high, and she would not to yield—to be true to herself, and her God.

"I will not!" cried Flor. "I loathe and detest him! Marry *him*? Love *him*? Honor *him*? Impossible!"

The priest looked helplessly at Uplock.

"Go on!" said the latter, "and the padre, treats lously, "do you take this man to be your wedded husband?"

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"Go on!" said the latter, "and the padre, treats lously, "do you take this man to be your wedded husband?"

One look into those inky eyes, all ablaze—one glance at the leveled revolver, and the priest went on, more dead than alive.

Uplock promptly replied to all the questions. Flor as promptly protested her abhorrence of her enemy, and her refusal to marry him. So strangely marriage ceremony was ever performed upon this wide earth. No more desperate, cruel, and wicked bridegroom ever stood up and made the responses. No whiter or more agonized bride was ever seen. No more perturbed, anxious, frightened and bewildered priest ever existed.

The farce was soon over. The padre in a faltering voice uttered the final words:

"I now pronounce you man and wife. And

whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

Uplock laughed aloud in a savage glee.

"You bear, all of you!" he exclaimed. "You are my watch and ward. Mine in accordance with the law; mine, if you should die to-night, or be taken next week to a mad-house. You are my wife, and I'll warrant that I can play Patruchio to your Katharine, my pretty Flor, and that with in a week, if you live so long, you will be the tamest, meekest woman alive. Padre, take out the marriage certificate!"

"You have not yet kissed your wife!" cried Flor, her cheek eyes flashing. "The whole thing has been a mockery. Good father, do not give him the certificate!"

"If he should refuse I should be compelled to use my pistol-ball upon him," said Uplock, unloveling his revolver. "Here is the printed form, padre. The names are filled in, dates, and all. Just sign your name at the bottom."

He laid the document on a table, with a pocket inkstand and a pen. The padre hesitated, then yielded, and affixed his name.

"Before I suffer you to go free," said Uplock, "you shall swear each one of you to keep his affair secret as you shall never dare betray me in the confessional, and in your dying hour, as you are padre." And Uplock produced the certificate to his pocket.

I am not through this business yet, but not before I shall have completed my work you may rest assured, all of you, that I shall have no fear of betrayal or treachery to-morrow."

He glared about him in triumph.

"And now," he continued, after a moment's pause, "the priest may go back to the yacht. No, upon reflection, he will remain here. You have tasted of terror this morning, my good padre, and I have seen it best to yield to superior forces. I commend your wisdom. This girl is my wife. Advise her to follow your example, and make the best of what can't be helped. I shall absent myself from you all a few hours, but shall return to my bride before noon. Be civil to her and her ministrive, or you will all repent it!"

The priest sat down in the nearest chair. Old Phillis was crying in the background. Sam was grinning with delight. Flor stood proudly erect. Mrs. Wynd and Flor sat crushed beneath the weight of a heavy sorrow and misery.

"Before I go," said Uplock, "I may as well give you a word of advice. Each one of you must be true. I have won this time, game, Juliet. If Flor were to die to-night, this fair monument," and he tapped his breast, "would make me her heir. And if it did not, I am her remote kinsman and her successor in the event of her demise!"

Mrs. Wynd shuddered.

"As I have said," continued Uplock, "I am willing to be generous. Flor is my wife. From this moment I consider myself free from her as such. In the few hours which I shall give you for reflection, if you choose to take a wise course, Juliet, and advise your daughter to submit to the inevitable, I will restore to you liberty and liberty. You shall return with us to The Cypresses, and I will circulate some romantic story of your late rescue that will account to the world for your year's absence. We will say that you were picked up by a Mexican fishing-smack, and carried where you have been ill ever since—delirious, insane, or something of the sort. The ruse can easily be easily managed."

Mrs. Wynd smiled.

"You loved me once as a brother," pursued Uplock. "I ask you to be my friend once more. I am as worthy that love as ever. We will forget our little misunderstandings, and I will show you and Flor that I can do you both credits in the eyes of men. I will run for a seat in congress, prove myself a man of means, and become a man of mark. Shall speak of me as the richest and most influential man in Louisiana. I will honor you, be again to you what I was once—"

"You were always a traitor to me!" interrupted Mrs. Wynd, "and you are to me and mine did you repay that trust? I married a noble man, whose only fault was his poverty. He had talent and was ambitious. He would have made an honored name for himself. He loved me. He loved him with all my soul, with all the ardor of my passionate, impulsive nature. He was a high-spirited and sensitive. He trusted you as I did, and you repaid him as you did me. You stole his trust and mine! You told me that he had deserted of another woman and child. You told me that his heart had been given to another woman, and that he was unworthy any love but mine. God forgive me for believing you! But I had known you all my life long; how could I believe that my husband, whom I had so well cared my husband of marrying me for my money? of baseness which I had never conceived. You had given me proofs—a letter, you remember. I burnished it. I believed it. Some time later I saw it although it seemed his own handwriting, double myself in a passion, and I gave you proof of my wickedness! I must have been mad! But he was innocent, he always was, and I only see it now! I accused my husband of marrying me for my money!

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1877.

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Leaving Property in Trust.

It has become very customary in this country for a father who has children and has property, to leave his property in trust for his children. There are extreme cases in which such a course is the dictate of prudence, and is indeed essential for the preservation of the property to the uses of those for whose benefit it is intended; but generally the proceeding is adopted without a special cause. It often results from a selfish and mean feeling—an unwillingness that the wealth which the testator has acquired should pass—as it must pass—and can be prevented—into the absolute control of any other person. The property which the giver would fain take with him if he could—but can not—is given in trust to be held to do the least possible good. It is hampered and tied up in every conceivable way. The full enjoyment of it is put off to the next generation.

It was a very interesting anecdote which Mr. TILDEN related at a dinner party, a few evenings since, of MARTIN VAN BUREN. Mr. VAN BUREN sent for Mr. TILDEN to consult him about a will which he had drawn up, creating certain complicated trusts. Mr. TILDEN suggested that it was hardly worth while to try to be wiser than the law, and to trust grandchildren whom one did not know on account of distrust of children whom one did know. In consequence of this advice Mr. VAN BUREN wisely altered his will.

The meanness toward children sometimes extends far beyond depriving them of the inheritance which would be theirs under the law, and is carried to the extreme of placing upon enduring public records a father's displeasure toward his own offspring. An example of this occurred, not a short time ago, in a wealthy merchant of this city, who died abroad, not content with leaving only a pittance, and that in trust, to his son, was mean enough to incorporate in his will a catalogue of that son's supposed vices. If a rich father is not willing to leave a son his lawful share of the property he has accumulated, he might at least have the decency to take his departure without leaving behind him a shower of curses, rained down on that son's head. The memory of such an unnatural father and heartless man deserves to be execrated.

Trustees are apt to turn out incompetent or dishonest. It is seldom they take as good care of property as would be taken by those for whom they hold it. If you have a child you to give it is almost always safer and better to give it directly to the person for whose benefit it is intended.

Who is to be Benefited by It?

Whoever ultimately wins in the sanguinary contest between Russia and Turkey, we cannot see how the world is to be greatly benefited by the result.

On the other hand, the bloodshed, the maiming, the slaying, the suffering of every kind—all the horrors of war—somebody is responsible for—responsible to public opinion and to God.

The selfishness of a few rulers and their unbridled ambition will have been gratified, on the one side or the other, at the expense of the many who are puppets in their hands.

May the day come when Equal Rights, Liberty and Peace reign in all lands!

To Avoid Bankruptcy.

The list of bankrupts, voluntary and involuntary, in the daily papers, is constantly renewed. It is a list suggestive of unhappy experiences—of disappointment, of humiliation, and often of despair.

There is one certain, unfailing preventive of bankruptcy—and that is, *keep out of debt.*

One of the Drawbacks to Country Life.

It is a common complaint among people who have chosen to go into the country in raising choice poultry and fruit, as well as among those who follow the same pursuits for a living, that much or the satisfaction they would otherwise experience, is spoilt by the constant depredations of thieves. The pains taken may insure to the benefit of themselves, their friends or customers, or entirely to that of those who habitually reap where they have not sown. The utter uncertainty who is to have what is raised or grown, whether the owner or a robber, is one of the greatest drawbacks to country life at the present day. Whole families, known to all the neighborhood to be poultry thieves, are permitted to live on unmolested because no one individual will take the trouble to procure the requisite evidence against them and have them indicted, convicted and punished. In some instances, these petty thieves pursue their detestable occupation systematically, and travel a circuit of 50 miles with a horse and wagon to pick up turkeys, chickens, ducks and geese. The losses experienced by individual owners are not generally pecuniarily large, but they are very considerable. A great deal more fruit and poultry would be raised if it were not for this great liability to have such things stolen.

We wonder that some combined plan for protection against these petty and provoking depredations is not hit upon by those who habitually suffer from them. In other times there existed in the New England and Middle States societies of mutual aid for the detection and punishment of horse and cattle thieves, and for the recovery of the stolen property. These voluntary associations proved of the greatest efficacy for the purposes for which they were designed. We know of no reason why similar societies could not be equally successful in putting a stop, or at least close limits, to the stealing of poultry and fruit.

Setting Snares.

There has been a good deal of what is called legislation for the protection of game, within a few years past. It consists, in an important degree, in the prohibition of the ensnaring of certain birds. They may be shot, but must not be snared. Eloquent members of the legislature have exhausted the English vocabulary in denouncing those who set snares and in praising those who shoot. The one constitute a charge of despicable pot-hunters; the others are Nature's noblemen.

Now we are inclined to think that there are two sides to this, as there are to many other subjects. It is said the hunter gains health from his hunting excursions. But is his check more rosy than that of the farmer's boy, returning when the grass is still crisp with the hoarfrost which the sun's shafting rays have hardly begun to melt, from the inspection of his trap and snares?

"The sportsman," we are loftily assured, "studies the habits of wild animals." Does he become better acquainted with them than the rustic youth who knows just where to place a twine or hair-slipping noose to find, a day or two later, the head of a rabbit or a partridge through it?

The disadvantage of the snarers and trappers—the boys, that their voices are not heard in the Legislature, and consequently the older "sportsmen," as they proudly denominate themselves, have everything their own way.

The Difficulties of Mr. Bergh's Men.

Officiousness, even in doing good, is hateful to the American nature. Mr. BERGH's men find this out in the course of their duties to animals. One of them in attempting to arrest the driver of a lame mule got severely whipped by the owner's companion, as his own person a full measure of the cruelty from which he sought to save the quadruped.

It must be conceded that there is a good deal that has the appearance of being tyrannical in the conduct of some of the Bergh officers. A poor man crossing one of the ferries manifested great uneasiness lest the old horse he led to the boat should be seized by BERGH's men and taken from him. The animal had a sore on his back, but it had been carefully dressed, and was not where the harness touched it. The work was good for the horse, and the poor man had a right to the profit of the beast's labor. Yet he informed us that, only a short time before, another horse, under precisely similar circumstances, had been forcibly taken away from him and shot. The loss he could ill afford to bear, and it is no wonder that such things exasperate people against even a seemingly benevolent enterprise.

It seems to us that it was much more cruel to shoot the poor horse than it was simply to work him with a sore on his back.

A Dangerous Habit.

ROBERT L. CASE was convicted, a few days ago, of perjury, in swearing, as President of the Security Life Insurance Company, to a statement which was false to his own knowledge.

His own excuse is that he could not get the report without ever having read it. He is an experienced business man, nearly seventy years of age, and surely he should have known better than to do such a thing—that is, accepting his excuse to be true.

Yet the practice of swearing to papers without reading their contents is very common, even among ordinarily careful men. The experience of Mr. CASE forcibly illustrates its danger.

At all events, if Mr. CASE did swear falsely without knowing to what he swore, he was still properly convicted; for to swear to knowledge of a thing when one has none constitutes perjury.

Savage Conduct of a Teacher.

The *Columbus* (Ohio) *Herald* publishes the following account of the treatment inflicted upon a girl of thirteen by one of her teachers:

"She was frequently assigned to the face and told to say to her father that she was just as unruly and studious as she could be on the right in the school anyway, as she had not complied with some petty regulation. After this very improper message the child returned to school, the question about the matter was renewed, and the teacher then gave the girl a terrible beating, striking her seventeen times with a rubber ruler, and leaving her back marked and red with the blows."

It seems incredible that such a person should be tolerated as a teacher anywhere.

An Untravelled Statesman.

It is stated that Mr. GLADSTONE, although he has been Premier of England, and now ranks among the very foremost statesmen of Great Britain, has never, until within a few weeks, set foot on Irish soil.

Our country is filled with men who saw the first day of their lives, what this illustrious gentleman had never seen until recently.

UNREPORTED TRAGEDIES.

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D.D., N.Y.

New York was startled the other day by the details of a lamentable suicide. No fault could be found with the newspapers for reporting it, for the inquest necessarily involved publicity. A bride of only seven months, shocked and heartbroken at the discovery that her husband was a drunkard, and despairing, humiliated, and, perhaps, deranged in mind, she swallowed the fatal dose, and left the man who vowed to love and cherish her to the mandlin distress of an incapable inebriate.

This transaction is definite, clear-cut, and of easy comprehension. It is within the imagination. It brings a whole history of deception, discovery, disgrace, and destruction within manageable compass. Any one can take it in. Cause and effect lie near together. There is no indirectness, no mountainous mass to investigate with poverty, no loss of friends, no change of circumstances—nothing but two lives blighted, the one hopelessly, the speedy victim. And the feelings are enlisted. The cheap and ultra grocer's funeral. The young face is calm and still in the sleep of death, whose kindly hand has blotted out the traces of repressed agony, hopeless despair, despair. It is proper for you, kind-hearted reader, to use any strongest language you may deem befitting, in the phraseology of the platform, "the demon rum, drink," though it is not a demon at all, but a class of material compounds—beer, wine, gin, rum, brandy, from which men can only get what they deserve by their hands obey their appetites, and deliberately swallow them.

But suppose the broken-hearted bride to have been of a different temperament, to have braved the storm, to have moved over to the other victim succumbed, or to have gone into the divorce court, or, degraded in her own eyes, to have sought for relief in the drugs that drugs can give, and become a drunkard herself; or, as some have done, gone down into the degradation that is nameless, would the tragic element have been less, or the just indignation lighter?

Here now, for example, is a handsome man of four-and-twenty, not uneducated, and not poor. He says as to means he "can do anything he has a mind to." He is an incapable drunkard. His sense of the fact is: "My father drank a good deal, but not to be a slave to it, and I guess I will get on all right. I always be so." And his mother, who, when she was widowed, hoped that she would confide her, is pale-faced, tremulous, broken-hearted. She has been so for years. She will not swallow morphine. She will not go mad and pine, and at last creep into her grave and end the tragedy of her life.

Here is Mrs. X., whose wedding made a holiday in the town where she grew up from childhood. Girls envied her, and men envied him as they walked together into the presence of a clergyman, and he solemnly vowed to be "faithful and affectionate husband" to that happy and trusting woman by his side. Years have passed and the poetry of life is turned into prose. He is changed much. He says he is changed because he became rich, and she tries to believe it—to believe that they keep him away so often, and render him moody and abrupt and unloving with business cares. That is not one. But when letters—cruel, undeniable, convincing letters—come to her, and insulting demands are made, and made by other and evil women, and she is humiliated, and stricken down, and means to be humiliated, and that he was not affectionate, but I did not know he was not faithful, and then the discovery, and then the fever which began in this way, and goes to work mechanically "for the sake of the children," is there no tragedy in her life, in her home, or in church—she never goes into society—she never speaks—she is misery. She never reproaches him; she hardly ever smiles. A good part of her nature is paralyzed. Sometimes she wishes she were dead. Sometimes she wishes the wretched cause from troubling," and she shudders to think of him in her husband that word brings to her thoughts. Is there a more monotonous tragedy of a jaded heart and a ruined life?

But let us turn in another direction. The gentlest sex has no monopoly of misery. What is the trouble with Mr. Y.? his friends sometimes say. His business is fair; his habits good; his connection extensive. What is his cross. Is she too gay? Extravagant? Has she a temper? Is she "given to wine?" We say—does she drink?" No. "Then what's the matter?" "Well, the fact is, she is a slave to opium. If she cannot get it she feels she will die in another, and will sell her jewels, or her dresses, if necessary, to get it. And so Mr. Y., who thought he was marrying a companion, a friend, a help-meet, often comes to his house and leaves it again, when he can, on either side to speak to him. No wonder he is sometimes unaccountably dull and gloomy. The fact is he commonly look sunny in the role of life-long victim.

The family of the Z.s have a curious history," says Lawyer G., who is too sensible a professional man to talk except when he knows to whom he is talking. "They were counted rich—were so, in fact—and still keep up some of the old appearances, but they are poorer than almost any one knows. The way it is no wonder that such things exasperate people against even a seemingly benevolent enterprise.

It seems to us that it was much more cruel to shoot the poor horse than it was simply to work him with a sore on his back.

A Dangerous Habit.

ROBERT L. CASE was convicted, a few days ago, of perjury, in swearing, as President of the Security Life Insurance Company, to a statement which was false to his own knowledge.

His own excuse is that he could not get the report without ever having read it. He is an experienced business man, nearly seventy years of age, and surely he should have known better than to do such a thing—that is, accepting his excuse to be true.

Yet the practice of swearing to papers without reading their contents is very common, even among ordinarily careful men. The experience of Mr. CASE forcibly illustrates its danger.

At all events, if Mr. CASE did swear falsely without knowing to what he swore, he was still properly convicted; for to swear to knowledge of a thing when one has none constitutes perjury.

Savage Conduct of a Teacher.

The *Columbus* (Ohio) *Herald* publishes the following account of the treatment inflicted upon a girl of thirteen by one of her teachers:

"She was frequently assigned to the face and told to say to her father that she was just as unruly and studious as she could be on the right in the school anyway, as she had not complied with some petty regulation. After this very improper message the child returned to school, the question about the matter was renewed, and the teacher then gave the girl a terrible beating, striking her seventeen times with a rubber ruler, and leaving her back marked and red with the blows."

It seems incredible that such a person should be tolerated as a teacher anywhere.

An Untravelled Statesman.

It is stated that Mr. GLADSTONE, although he has been Premier of England, and now ranks among the very foremost statesmen of Great Britain, has never, until within a few weeks, set foot on Irish soil.

Our country is filled with men who saw the first day of their lives, what this illustrious gentleman had never seen until recently.

PETTY ANNOYANCES.

BY BISHOP CLARK, OF RHODE ISLAND

The persistent attack of a swarm of flies on a hot summer afternoon will cause many a man to lose his temper, who would be as calm and serene as a marble statue in the presence of a dire calamity. The skin is the most sensitive part of the human body, and so the inner man, or soul, has an outward covering that is very susceptible to those little touches of impertinent fingers, which the philosopher may tell us are not worth minding. I am inclined to believe that, upon the whole, we suffer more from the petty annoyances of life than from the great misfortunes which befall us. A short time ago I wrote a very plain paper on "Things to be *remedied.*" I now propose, in the same simply way, to give a sketch of "Things to be *avoided.*" I shall state what they are, and add a few brief comments.

I. *Untimely visits.* Calling upon people out of season, either at their place of business or at their homes, and taking up their time when they are occupied with their own affairs, is a thing to be avoided. Idle persons are apt to have too little consideration for those who are busy. Call upon business people, *on business,* in business hours, but not for a long, friendly chat on matters and things in general. Call upon your neighbors in their homes at such hours as they will probably be prepared to receive you, and not before they are down stairs in the morning, or while they are at dinner, or just as they are going to bed. In England it is considered a gentleman at his dinner would be regarded as a high misdemeanor, if not as a crime, and it does not help the matter much to send in word that you will wait till dinner is over. One's digestion is not improved by the unwelcome intrusion here is a string of people in the next room, anxiously longing for the time to come forth and listen perhaps to a tedious address in behalf of some stupid cause.

And once more, when you get up to go, it is well to go, and not keep your host standing at the door for a full half an hour, while you recapitulate and amplify all that you have stated and argue the point, of which he has already heard more than enough.

II. *Impertinent interruptions.* It is not considerate to stop people in the streets, when it must be evident by a glance that they are in haste to catch the train or to keep an appointment or to get home after business hours, and button-hole them for ten or twenty minutes. Neither is it in good taste, when you see two persons engaged in conversation, to step in and enter upon miscellaneous conversation. A man was widowed, lapsed into solitude, and came at once when his company is desired and when it is a nuisance. It is also a great impertinence to strike in with remarks apparently foreign to the subject, when one is in the midst of a story or a discussion of any subject, and to persist in talking about "this, that, and every thing," to one who is trying to read the morning paper or a book or anything else. Whenever a man is so absorbed that he does not care to reply to what you say, his time to cease talking, and pitch you out of the door. The brazen way in which some people ask for autographs, photographs, recommendations, letters of introduction and the like, and without the slightest idea that the person addressed is, and even without any personal acquaintance, a stupendous bore; and the more absurd the demand, the more likely it is to be made, and to take offence, when he is refused.

IV. *Unfriendliness.* This is a very mild word for expressing the sort of annoyance of which I am now to speak—as, for instance, the forwarding by mail, from a stranger, of a periodical to one who does not want it, but which he is paid to take, and to send on

MARRIED THIS MORNING.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Married this morning—how charming that sounds—
How splendid it looks in the paper;
The bride wore white satin—how perfectly sweet,
And a veil like a soft silken vapor.
"No cards"—how exclusive that sounds, does it not?
"No cake"—they 're well up in the fashion;
And to prove to the world they are true million-aires,
"No presents received"—puts the dash on.

"Abroad for a long wedding tour"—that is nice!
We maidens do envy them fondly;
We 're all in a flutter awaiting our turn,
For we can't for our lives take it coolly.
Wanlebrune the fair is returned back to her friends,
I've read Arrabella's and Sadie's;
She writes that, just think of it, in the old world
They 're dining with lords and with ladies.

"Returned, Col. ——, with his beautiful bride,
From France,"—how the journals do laud her!
"Their elegant mansion thrown open to-day—
Exceptions will now be in order."
True, true, what a *recherche* time it will be,
Her set will be truly delighted;
The grand double parlors will scarcely hold all,
Dear, dear, shall we girls be invited?

* * * * * * *

"But two short years married and now a divorce!"
Law sakes, dear, who would 'nt have known it;
I thought from the first 'twas a very poor match,
But somehow I never *would* own it.
She 's no longer the bright shining star that she was,
The social horizon shivering:
Miranda, my love, here 's the paper just come,
Now tell me who 's married this morning.

A WOMAN SCORNED.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "WHICH SHALL BE HEIR?" "A FATAL MISTAKE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A FRUITLESS QUEST—GONE!—A HEROIC DEFENSE.

Agnes went back to her boarding-house in a state of doubt and depression which she could not shake off. As the hours wore slowly on the impression that her husband was in deadly peril of some kind deepened, in spite of her efforts to reason herself out of such vague fears. They clung to her, and rendered her so miserable that as the clock on her mantel rung out the hour of eleven, she took her hat and a light shawl, and rapidly arranging them, ran down stairs and knocked at the door of the landlady's apartment.

Mrs. Meadows had not retired to rest, and she opened the door herself to her late visitor. She was a kind-hearted, elderly woman, of methodical ways, and she exclaimed, in great surprise:

"Where have you been, at this late hour, by yourself, Mrs. Manvers, for I know your husband has not come in yet? How anything happened? You are looking as pale as a ghost!"

"I have not been out, but I wish to go, and I came to see if you could find some one to accompany me. I am very wretched about Mr. Manvers, and I must see what is detaining him so late at the warehouse. When I parted from him this evening he looked so ill that I was alarmed. I would not have left him if he had not insisted on it."

"Nonsense, my dear, your husband is quite able to take care of himself, and it is not so very late—only eleven—unless you bring them incapable of answering me when I called to him."

"He could not have been there, Mrs. Manvers," said Agnes, "because the place was dark, and if Manvers had been seized with illness, as you fear, he would hardly have turned the gas off. The book he dropped coming out proves, too, that he must have left the place. Calm yourself, dear madam; he has only stopped on the way to take refreshment, of which he must have been greatly in need, for he has not been in either to dinner or supper to-day."

Agnes tried to accept this consolation, but in her foreboding heart she felt all its futility. She arose with effort, and said:

"I believe I will go to my room and wait. But if he does not come, what shall I do?—what shall I do?"

Touched by the deep anguish in her voice, Kenton said:

"I will go down to the place I know he left at once, and see if the butcher's house is not closed yet, and I am sure I shall find him there, or meet him as I walk down Broadway."

"Oh, if you will do that! If you will only bring him back to me, I will thank and bless you forever! You are tired, I know, and it is selfish in me to accept your kind offer, but I am so afraid of—so certain that something is wrong."

"Oh, I am as fresh as flowers in June, and glad to walk for I have been sitting at my desk all day. I will be back with good news before long," and the kindly young man hastened down the steps and took his way toward Broadway.

Mrs. Meadows began to feel a little uneasy herself, but she tried to console Agnes, and went with her to her room, uttering such platitudes as drove her so nearly to distraction that she at length insisted that she must be left alone, and Mrs. Meadows herself needed repose.

In her anguish and bewilderment, Agnes, when left to herself, paced the floor for hours. She took she had picked up in the alley was forgotten, and when it fell from her pocket as her feet, she mechanically took it up and placed it into a private drawer in her desk with the vague consciousness that it was too important to be trusted to any place less safe than that.

Afterward, when she tried to recall what she had done with it, she could not remember having put it into the desk at all, and as the drawer had never been used by her for any purpose, it did not occur to her to look into it; anxious as she was to recover this possible clue to the fate of her husband.

We pass over the anguish of that night—no pen could do justice to the suffering of the hapless wife bereaved of the idol of her life in the first flush of their wedded happiness. And that she knew most fellow his disappearance was almost as hard to bear as the misery of knowing that he was lost to her.

Kenton used the greatest part of the night in his fruitless efforts to trace his friend; he then called at the headquarters of the police, and employed a detective to continue the search for the missing man, and went home to report his failure to Agnes, and to try to get a few hours' sleep before going to his business in the morning.

Two letters came for Agnes the next day. One from her uncle announcing his return to Selwood, and claiming her promise to join him there; the other from Mrs. Tardy, giving her an account of her own progress toward recovery, and describing the life she led at Kirkwood.

It was ten o'clock before these reached her, and the detective had made his report to Kenton, which was the transference to the anxious wife. No clew had been found to the disappearance of Manvers. Kenton had gone as usual to the warehouse, and left himself in with his pass key. The detective had visited the place soon after, and thoroughly had made a thorough investigation, but found nothing to indicate a struggle, or even a hurried departure on the part of Manvers. Everything was in order in the counting-room, and the key of the desk was gone.

From these indications, the two men came to the conclusion that there had been no foul play, and that Manvers could not be traced, he had voluntarily disappeared. Kenton remembered the words of Manvers on the previous day, and it seemed to him now that but one interpretation could be put upon them. Aware of the ruin that was approaching, he had possessed himself of such funds as were accessible, and fled.

Reluctant as he was to come to this conclusion, for he had liked and esteemed the missing man, he could find no other solution to the state of things, if all efforts to discover Manvers's whereabouts failed.

calling on the name of her husband, and with a sigh almost of relief she turned away, saying:

"Julian will scold me for making such a jaunt as this, but I shall not care if I find him safe when I go back."

As she stepped forward her foot came in contact with a small book which lay within a few inches of the wall. Stooping mechanically she picked it up, and by the faint light that penetrated to the alley saw that it was a thin leather-covered pamphlet, such as are used by merchants for dotting down memoranda. She said:

"Julian must have come out by that door and dropped this on his way. It is lucky after all, that I came hither to find and take it back to him."

AGNES FINDS THE NOTE-BOOK.

Before going on with her Kenton closed the heavy wooden shutter over the window which fastened with a spring, marvelling within himself at the carelessness of his friend in leaving it open.

They took an omnibus on their return and went up Broadway which was still full of life and motion. But Agnes had no thought for anything but her husband, and the scene which, at another time, would have interested her, passed by her now almost without notice. Getting out at the corner, they walked on half a square to Mrs. Meadows's house, and found that lady watching for their return at the door.

"Is Mr. Manvers here?" asked Agnes, breathlessly, as she ran up the steps. "We have missed him, and he must be at home by this time."

"Then you did not find him?" said the landlady, bewildered. "He has not come in, for I've been watching for him ever since you left."

Agnes sank down on one of the hall chairs almost in a fainting condition.

"Not here?" she gasped. "Then where on earth can he be? He was not in the commission-house, unless—unless he was lying there incapable of answering me when I called to him."

"He could not have been there, Mrs. Manvers," said Kenton, "because the place was dark, and if Manvers had been seized with illness, as you fear, he would hardly have turned the gas off. The book he dropped coming out proves, too, that he must have left the place. Calm yourself, dear madam; he has only stopped on the way to take refreshment, of which he must have been greatly in need, for he has not been in either to dinner or supper to-day."

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Reluctant as he was to come to this conclusion, for he had liked and esteemed the missing man, he could find no other solution to the state of things, if all efforts to discover Manvers's whereabouts failed.

The house was closed, and a policeman put in charge of it till the return of Markley, who might be absent a week, or possibly longer, as it was stated that he had gone to Virginia to visit his brother who lay at the point of death.

When the report of failure to find a clew to her husband's disappearance was made to Agnes, she said, with white lips:

"Mr. Manvers is as insensible of business, as I am of believing that he would desert his post; that he would desert me in this clandestine manner. If he cannot be found, he has been foully dealt with. But it is too early yet to despair. Employ other men, Mr. Kenton—spare no expense to discover what has become of him. I have money of my own, and I would sooner spend every cent I have in the world, than not find out the secret of last night's villainy. Julian may be dead, but his name shall not be covered with obloquy, if I can prevent it."

"You are right, Mrs. Manvers, and I will help you as far as I can. A more honorable man than your husband never lived, and I can bear testimony to his many good and noble qualities," replied Kenton, with emotion.

"You have more courage than I thought, and with friends to back you, we shall yet discover the truth concerning the present state. I will take the measures you suggest, and come to you this evening to let you know the progress."

"Thank you; but do not neglect your own affairs to attend to mine. Employ the police, and leave the search to them. I have friends to stand by me, thank Heaven! and I will send a telegram which I have written to my uncle, as you go down town, I shall be greatly obliged."

Kenton eagerly assented, and she gave him a strip of paper on which she had written:

"Come to me at once. I need your assistance."

This was properly addressed, and in response to it the professor came in the afternoon in a state of extreme uneasiness as to what could possibly have happened.

But the truth went far beyond his wildest apprehensions, and the poor old gentleman was the cause of the bitterest pain he had ever shed over the wreck of the happiness he had so lately extolled in.

Agnes confided to him all Manvers had told her of the state in which he had found the affairs of the firm when he was left to manage the business alone, and both believed with certainty that if anything fatal had happened to Julian, his fellow-partner was to be held responsible for it, and that Markley had acted as his agent. But how to bring it home to them was the question. Brenton's cunning had doubtless prepared every step to the catastrophe of the previous night, and no traces would be left behind to criminate himself.

The absence of Markley at this especial crisis added to their suspicions, for the professor and his niece were both aware that Manvers had no belief in his honesty, nor in his good feeling toward himself.

But the evasive given for his sudden journey seemed plausible, and both hesitated to accuse him at once of being the agent through whom Brenton's schemes were carried out. They must wait and see what the next few days might develop before taking any steps toward inculpating Markley. Manvers might be found, or come back of himself, and explain his mysterious absence.

Agnes kept up her courage she hardly knew how, but she felt that this was no time to give up. She must sustain herself for Julian's sake, and defend him to the bitter end if he did not appear to defend himself. She forced herself to take food enough to sustain her strength, though it was tasteless and loathsome to her in her present excited and wretched state of mind.

She entreated her uncle not to write and alarm Mrs. Tardy till all efforts had failed to gain any tidings of Manvers, forgetful that the daily papers penetrated to every nook in the country, and that an item about such a matter would be copied in every journal in the land.

The evening papers on that day had on their front pages in large letters, "Mysterious disappearance of one of our most promising young merchants." Beneath this was an account of what was known to the police, and various editorial comments on the disappearance of Manvers. One said:

"The young firm promised to be brilliantly successful, but since the departure of the eldest partner for Europe, it has gone down so swiftly and suddenly that one hardly knows when to think of the managing capacity of the one left in charge of the business. We give no name, and suspend our judgment till something further is known."

Another said:

"A man is missing from his usual place, and whispers are rife of fraud, embezzlement, and flight to foreign shores. We will say this much, though, in defence of the one accused: *if he* could be guilty of such baseness, never again will we trust any human creature; for he seemed the very soul of truth and honor."

The journal containing the last notice the professor purchased and took up to Agnes, and she wept thankful tears that amid the general condemnation which she felt certain awaited her husband, at least one voice was raised to speak justly of him. On the following morning an advertisement appeared in that paper offering a reward of a thousand dollars for any news of Julian Manvers, who was believed to have been foully dealt with after he left his counting-room on the night of September 10th.

The days passed and nothing was discovered. Agnes gave up all hope of ever seeing her husband again, and here she lived on through those terrible days was afterward a source of astonishment to her. Hope did not sustain her, for she lost all hope after the first failure to discover what had become of Manvers. That he was lost to her she firmly believed, but she felt that the duty of defending of him. I have money of my own, and I would of him devolved upon her, and she nerved herself to the task. Her uncle and Kenton were her helpers, and from time to time Markley came back in fine spirits, asserting that his brother was recovering, and would soon be about again. He affected to be greatly shocked at the investigation of Manvers, but shook his head and said he never had much faith in him, and things had gone on very queerly from the time of Kendall's departure.

Markley had been confidential clerk, and he knew everything about the business that could now be told. He called on each creditor and talked with them, and at the time the general meeting took place, and the consequence was that there was a feeling of entire confidence against the absent man when they came together in the counting-room to ascertain the state of affairs, and the result of the different claims settled.

It was soon ascertained that there were no assets—the books had disappeared, and also every paper that could connect the name of Brenton with the disasters of the firm. Markley had made good use of his opportunities since his return, for he had been allowed to take entire control of the books, and he even slept there at night.

The result of the examination was that Julian Manvers was believed by nearly all of the creditors to have embezzled a hundred thousand dollars, and made good his escape to some foreign land where he could live in luxury on the fruits of his villainy.

This decision had scarcely been arrived at, when two persons appeared on the scene whose presence had not been anticipated or prepared for. Mrs. Manvers came in, leaning on the arm of her husband, looking worn and weary, but full of confidence in the man who had just been acquitted guilty in scarcely a voice raised to speak a word in his defense.

Agnes looked like a marble woman, so white, so calm in her despair, and a thrill of pity at the heart of Markley felt a movement of pity for her. But when Mrs. Manvers was crossed in deep mourning, and that added to the pallor of her complexion.

More than seven gentlemen were present, and they huddled together in a confused group, wondering why the wife of the condemned man had come there. Chairs were offered to the two who were looked on as the principal actors in the scene, Brenton sank his sway, and stood leaning on the back of the one into which his niece sank, feeling incapable of sustaining herself under the ordeal she had herself insisted on passing through for the sake of the man she loved.

One of the directors of the bank which had been swindled of so large a sum frowned heavily, and said:

"Madam, it was unwise in you to come hither to-day. You will only hear what must wound you deeply; however guilty your husband may be, we have no wish to denounce him before you."

Summoning all her courage, Agnes replied in low, sweet tones, but clear and full:

"It is because I know he is not guilty that I am here to say that which no one else will say for him. I would have been cheated of your just dues, it was not through the agency of my husband, but that of his fellow-partner, Markley, who has left the country, and is now among you. If Mr. Markley would speak the truth, he would tell you that the failure of this house was arranged for before my husband was left to its sole management. He—"

Markley made an effort to interrupt her, but Professor Tardy sternly silenced him by saying:

"My niece came hither to defend her husband, and she shall be heard without any interruption from you, sir. It is as little as these gentlemen can do to listen to what she has to say, and require you to do the same."

Markley scowled on him, and seemed determined to speak, but one of the gentlemen laid his hand on his shoulder, and said:

"If Mr. Manvers has anything to say, whether important or not, it is but courtesy to allow her to be heard."

In the same slow, quiet manner Agnes went on:

"I have much to say that I think is of the lasb importance to the memory of the man who is gone, who I know has been so basely traduced in your hearing to-day. Mr. Manvers told me, before he so strangely disappeared, that large sums of money which had passed through Mr. Brenton's hands could not be accounted for and from the condition of the books and papers left behind him, he was constrained to believe that his partner had appropriated them, and left him to bear the burden of those heavy losses, knowing that failure must be the inevitable result. I urged him to call you together, gentlemen, and show you what he had discovered, that he might save you from the charge of complicity with Mr. Brenton, and he finally told me that he thought the advice good, and would act on it. He spent the whole of that last day in preparing for the exposure he intended making on the following one; and that night, while still at his work, he was either murdered or spirited away by some agent of Mr. Brenton's, and in spite of the alleged guilt of Mr. Markley, I believe he was that agent."

Markley uttered a coarse oath, and striding forward, said:

"You attack me, madam, in this shameless manner without having the slightest proof to sustain your accusation. I left this city that morning, as can easily be ascertained by any one who wishes to follow my steps. I have been absent a week, and I come back to find that Julian Manvers has consummated the villainy he planned as soon as Mr. Brenton's eye was removed from him, by running off with all the available funds of the house. Your precious husband is a scoundrel and swindler, madam, and in place of having been made way with by me, he is now on the high seas with his booty, seeking some place of safety for himself. But this Government has long arms, and he may be reached yet."

"Let him be sought for then in every land beneath the sun," replied Agnes, with the same imperturbable calmness. "Would to God the protecting arms of justice could enfold him, and then he would be rescued from your power. Mr. Markley, I denounce you as the accomplice of Mr. Brenton in all his villainy, and I feel the conviction that you will both yet be found out and punished as you deserve. My poor Julian has been your joint victim, and it is to screen yourselves that he has been made to disappear—that this atrocious charge of embezzlement may be brought against him instead of those who have really accomplished it. If an angel from Heaven could come down to assure me that my husband is innocent, I could not believe it more implicitly than I do now. He, the soul of honor—fastidious in his ideas of right and wrong—*he* capable of committing a gigantic fraud! Impossible! impossible!"

She sank back exhausted by the effort to speak so long, and Markley, looking her clearly in her face, cynically said:

"You must be mad to bring such a charge against me. If I knew where your husband is to be found I would drag him myself to the bar of justice. He has destroyed as promising a business as a man need desire, and in his greed for money has ruined himself, and impoverished his too confiding partner, as to your charges against myself, I can afford to disregard them, as they can be easily disproved, and none of these gentlemen here will attach any importance to them except your uncle, who, of course, will satisfy you, since he brought you here to make this absurd accusation."

"Yes, sir," said the professor, with sudden fire, "I stand by my niece, and I endorse all she has said. I know it to be strangely odd that Julian Manvers to commit a mean action, and his disappearance has been the result of a plot against him which has been carried out through Mr. Brenton's agent or agents since the night of the 10th. Why do so falsify yourself to have been employed by him in this work? Manvers objected to you as an employé of the firm, and was overruled by his partner for purposes best known to you and him. I *shall* follow your steps from this time you say you left this city till your return. I will set detectives on your track, and it is my belief that in the end I shall find sufficient piece of villainy will be exposed in all its heinous guilt, and you and your employer be brought to answer for his crime of which Agnes's young husband is unjustly accused of the embezzlement of the money you accuse Julian Manvers of having appropriated."

"Well done, parson," said Markley, with a sneer. "I have listened to your preaching to the ladies of your flock, and you are a pretty partner for purposes best known to you and him. I *shall* follow your steps from this time you say you left this city till your return. I will set detectives on your track, and it is my belief that in the end I shall find sufficient piece of villainy will be exposed in all its heinous guilt, and you and your employer be brought to answer for his crime of which Agnes's young husband is unjustly accused of the embezzlement of the money you accuse Julian Manvers of having appropriated."

"Well done, parson," said Markley, with a sneer. "I have listened to your preaching to the ladies of your flock, and you are a pretty partner for purposes best known to you and him. You go it strong, but I can stand it; follow me up, if you choose, and spend your money for nothing. I am as safe as a church, as the saying is, and I defy you to discover anything against me. I left this city for Manvers is in Cuba, or South America, with his ill-got gains, and I assure you, that for ten times their amount, I would not have on my conscience with the murder of any creature. I go down to the till I kill him, Manvers may live as long as the Wandering Jew."

Agnes leaned forward with clasped hands and parted lips as he uttered the last words. A faint pink tinge came into her pallid cheeks, and she said:

"Then my husband is living, and I shall find him again. You were too cowardly to tamper with his life, though you were willing to drive from him what, to him, is far more precious—his good name. You have uttered many falsehoods this morning, Mr. Markley, but I feel that one grain of truth has at last been wrung from your lips. You left this city to take life my Julian, and he will yet appear to confront you, and bring home to you the wickedness of which I accuse you."

Markley changed color more than once while she spoke thus, but still he maintained an insolence of manner that was offensive.

"If you come on as soon as he will, madam, I shall be ready to meet him, and challenge him to produce any evidence against me, unless it be that of his wife, who is blind in this way by a half-demented woman?"

"You will find that there is method in the madness," said Agnes, turning and taking the arm of her uncle. Then turning her sad face toward the group who were listening with absorbing interest to what had been said: "I came hither, gentlemen, to enter my protest against the condemnation of my husband on such evidence as is now accessible to you, and I entreat that you will suspend your judgment till something more reliable is known than the statements made in the interest of his employer by that man who has been so coarsely and rudely to me. Mr. Brenton is alone accountable for the losses you have sustained, and if Julian Manvers is still in the world, I feel the conviction that he will reappear in time to convict Brenton of the guilt of their complicity in crime."

Agnes spoke in her usual manner, the pathos in her tones, deeply touched those to whom she appealed, and almost with one voice they assured her that they understood and appreciated her motive for appearing before them; none more impulsive than the others, exclaimed:

"It is impossible to believe that Manvers could desert such a woman as you are, madam, and I, for one, withhold my judgment."

Markley looked at him with a cold as a faint smile. "It will only be just to do so. No breath of suspicion has ever tainted the fair fame of Mr. Manvers, and I feel sure it will surely be most unfair to condemn him on the testimony of his enemy. He just, be generous till he can come forward to speak for himself."

Moved by her devotion to her husband, their bosoms were for the moment open, and assurances were given her that time for thorough investigation should be given before condemnation was passed on the one who was so dear to her heart.

Aroused by this from the stern control she had put upon her feelings to enable her to pass through this scene without breaking down, color came back to her cheeks and light to her eyes, and with all her native impulsiveness she raised her hand and said:

"As God bears me, I believe that my husband is innocent, even in thought, of such baseness as has been imputed to him, and with Heaven's help I will yet find him, and bring

him to thank you in person for the assurance you have just given me."

With a graceful motion of her hand she bade them farewell, and went out with her uncle.

"That's a woman worth talking of!" exclaimed one; but Markley said, with a sneer:

"It was all done for effect; she knows that her tirade against me is all bosh, and it was only intended to gain time. I would not be surprised if she knows where Mauvers is hiding, and intends to join him as soon as she dares to do so."

"Such is not my opinion," said the bank director, gravely. "A woman like that is not capable of dishonesty as she evidently believes her husband to be."

CHAPTER XXIV.

KIRKWOOD—TEDDY'S IMPATIENT.

Agnes had made a great effort to appear firm in defense of her husband, but she felt in a second that on her part to do all that was possible to shield him from condemnation while he was unable to speak for himself.

She left her room to go on this painful errand with scarcely a hope that she should ever behold Mauvers again on earth; she came back to it with the conviction in her own mind that his life was still safe, and her heart grew lighter with the new hope that had been infused into it by the words of Markley. *Why* she should so implicitly believe that assertion, when she stigmatized as utterly false everything else he had stated, she could not explain to herself; the conviction was in her mind that Mauvers was yet living, and if living, then he must be found—must be produced in time to answer to the charges brought against him, and overwhelm his enemies with confusion.

All her energy came back; she wept no more, and the marble paleness of her countenance changed to its natural hue. For a few days she had been quite paralyzed by the force of the blow that had fallen on her, but with the new hope which had sprung to life in her heart, she regained her elasticity, and was ready for the struggle in which she at once engaged. A shrewd detective was employed to discover if Markley actually set out for Virginia on the nineteenth of September, and if he had a brother in that State to whom a letter had been made.

The report made on the return of the detective was, that Markley was seen on the day train; that he had a ticket for Fredericksburg in Virginia, and from there he had casually stated to the conductor, that he would leave the train and go into the mountains to visit his sick brother. The conductor thought he went on to his destination, but could not say that he noticed him again.

No further trace could be found of him till the detective reached Fredericksburg; there he ascertained that Markley had been in the town a few days before on his return from the visit he had made to the mountains. On inquiry he found that this brother was a sort of outlaw, who had committed murder in a moment of passion many years before, and since then had been allowed to live unmolested in a wild mountain pass with no associate save his dog. As he was believed to be unsound in mind, no notice was taken of him, and no attempt made to arrest him, though the crime he had committed was well known to the few persons who lived near enough to him to be called his neighbors.

The detective went on to Christopher Markley's cabin, making a long and fatiguing journey to the desolate place. He found the owner at home, and his fair person and noble expression seemed to confirm his assertion that he had lately been visited in consequence had summoned his brother to visit him.

The cabin consisted of two rooms, a large one in front and a smaller one in the rear used as a store-house in which he kept his wood and provisions. When Kit understood why the detective had visited him he seemed surprised, and with the utmost apparent simplicity invited him to inspect every part of the premises and judge if he could have any one concealed in it.

The inspection was made, and nothing was found in the front room but a rude bedstead built against a large chest of pine boards of his own manufacture, a rough table, a few chairs, and a large stove, among which was found a bible and a prayer book.

The smaller division was almost filled with wood for the winter which was piled up nearly to the roof, and there seemed to be no outlet from it. Nothing suspicious was visible, and the visitor left the place no wiser than when he entered it. All his enquiries were fully answered, and, with perfect intelligence, though the man sometimes had a vague, wandering look which led his questioner to suspect that the assertions of the country people were true; that remorse for the fatal act he had committed had dared his mind, if it had not quite crazed him.

When the professor heard this statement he was disheartened. Wearied of the din and turmoil of a large city he proposed to Agnes to retire to Selwood and leave the case in the hands of the detectives. If anything was discovered a telegram could be sent, and in a few hours they could return to New York. Agnes was reluctant to go, but she saw that her uncle's health suffered from city air, and that he was wretched away from his usual employments. His mind, having nothing to occupy it, dwelt despondingly on the chances in favor of the discovery of Julian Mauvers's place of seclusion. If he was still living in the poor, tortured wife thought it her duty to go with him, even if she suffered more deeply her grief in leaving the place in which the great absorbing interest in life was now centered.

They returned to Selwood, and a dead blankness fell over the life of Agnes, though she exerted herself to be a companion to her uncle, and to keep up her spirits in the absence of the wife on whom he was so dependent for comfort and happiness.

She was *waiting*, for she felt the certainty in her own mind that her fervent prayers for help would be answered in the salvation of her husband. She cast her burden at the feet of Him who alone could help her in this crisis of her life, and gained strength and endurance from repeating to herself the many promises scattered through the Bible to those who can place entire trust in the all-embracing love of God for them, helpless and suffering beings He has created.

But for this faith she must have died under the strain on her heart in those dark days when nothing happened and hope seemed fainting within her.

Of all the trials of earth could any be more dark and bitter than this one she was called to pass through? Her husband, torn from his heir in his fearful and mysterious manner; his honor impugned—his life possibly ended with those who had spirited him away; it was a heavy load for those young shoulders to bear, but Agnes, drawing up under it, was sustained her courage to a degree that was marvellous to her uncle.

In the meantime what was happening at Kirkwood? The place was situated among the Maryland hills, in a very picturesque region, near enough to the bay to feel the influence of the sea breeze which would sweep over it, though many miles lay between the old homestead and the gleaming waters. The house, an old-fashioned many-gabled building, erected nearly a century ago, was still solid and strong as ever. Its thick walls of stone dug from the hill-side, and cemented together so skillfully that they might stand for ages to come, were covered from foundation to chimney-top with a thick growth of ivy, which, at a distance, gave it the appearance of a picturesque ruin.

But on a nearer approach it was seen to be a substantial, well-built dwelling, with good-sized, well-filled fields surrounding it. Kirkwood could with truth say, "I am monarch of all I survey." When he stood on the portico in front of his house and looked around the valley enclosed by hills which girded it entirely in. His domain consisted of two thousand acres, a few hundreds of which were in cultivation. Sheep were kept on the hillsides nearest the home place, but the remainder was almost a wilderness, and here and there a tenant who lived in a log cabin and cleared a few acres around it.

It was a solitary place, with few neighbors, but those that were accessible were cultivated people, who kept up with the times and visited Baltimore at least once a year to see what was going on in the outside world.

The interior of the house was paneled with oak, which had darkened with age almost to the hue of ebony, and in the wide hall there was a winding staircase quite as venerable in appearance as the walls. The furniture was old-fashioned, but in excellent preservation, and everything was kept in scrupulous order by the elderly mulatto who had been housekeeper at Kirkwood ever since its present owner could remember the place.

Mrs. Tardy's health had been materially though slowly benefited by her stay there, and she now sat in the hall in the twilight conversing in a restless fragments with Kirkwood. The employment was not particularly congenial to her, but anything was better than idleness, she averred, so she occupied herself in a constant gossip

THE FLIRT FOILED.

BY GATH SHITTLE.

It was summer time; the month was June;
For away in the distant west
Lay the silver mythe of the growing moon
On a golden sunset's crest.

The air was still, as though to list
To the words of the lovers there,
As they sat and solemnly plighted their troth
With oaths such as lovers swear.

They sat by the side of the babbling brook,
Each holding the other's hand;
The bravest lad and the fairest lass
In the whole length of the land.

"And then wouldest be mine?" she sweetly said;
"By thine eyes, white I see!" replied he.
"Then I will be thine, come weal come woe,"
With a blush of delight said she.

They sat again in the autumn time,
By the self-same streamlet's side;
And the cold white moon looked shyly down
To learn what would next betide.

"For," said the moon, with a heartless grin,
"These are lovers and lovers, I know;
But how many lovers remember to love
When the flowers have ceased to blow?"

These are the words that the cold moon heard
As she sat 'mid the stars on high;
And these are the words I also have with a shock
To every star in the sky:

"I think," said the maid, as she hung her head,
"Please do not deem me unkind,
We were hasty, and I—I say it with pain—
But I think I have changed my mind."

He did not break out in a burst of rage,
He did not sneer in scorn;
He did not laugh as they laugh on the stage,
Or answer with taunts and jeers.

"Be it so," said he, "that a common thought
Should move my mind and thine;
While then thinkest that thine is changed,
I know that I've changed mine."

The stars wept, but the cynic moon
Had never a tear to spare;
But she laughed as the flirt went sadly home
To bewail her folly there.

HARALDA THE HERO;

OR,

The Bride of Barcelona.

A Romance of Spain in the Fifteenth Century.

By PROF. WM. HENRY PECK.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ENGLISHMEN IN DANGER.

After a few minutes of further conversation concerning the two Englishmen, Count Scorda and his sister agreed that it would be best not to have them slain in the streets.

"To slay them in the street and on their way to see the fortress," said the count, "it will be necessary to give secret yet strict orders to the effect to some of my body-guards as well as to some of your own. I do not approve of your plan, my brother. Twice have I been in the moated old Barcelona city ourselves of a dangerous enemy. To do so a third time might excite suspicion hereafter. We shall have to bribe and rely on the faith of no many."

"Not a man of those who aided our purposes on those two occasions to which you refer," said the count, grimly, "are now alive. One by one, and distant from each other, they died. Suspicion fell upon me."

"No suspicion that has dared to rear its crest before us," replied the countess. "Yet suspicion probably exists, and were we less powerful and secure than we are we might feel its effects. Hear my plan. A detachment of the last guards shall arrest the Englishmen, gag them and bind them instantly; place them in a closed carriage and convey them to a dungeon of the fortress; and after Volta shall have done his duty as Deathsman of his position shall strangle them in the secret old dungeon as detected spies of the Torreda faction.

"My Lord Sinclair," said Volta, as he put his own lips that by my command he is doomed to death. Come, we have no time to lose.

"Nay, my sister; it is not now necessary for me to be more in this matter," said the count. "Let the arrest be made in your name, and by your guards. I give the Englishmen to you, and will share with you the riches of their portmanteau."

"A fig for their portmanteau!" exclaimed the vindictive countess. "To obtain it is the object which chance has cast into my hands I would have given a thousand portmanteaus if I possessed them where is Juan Gallos? He should be taken care of. He knows even more than the spy did."

"True. But I have use for Juan Gallos for a time. Have no fear that he will say or do aught to harm me."

"He may, to harm me," said the countess, sharply.

"Can he harm you without harming me?" replied the count. "Juan holds life at the tip of my tongue, and he shall soon know that I do. Have no fear of Juan Gallos. I will see to him after him—to search for him everywhere till he finds him—and to say to him: 'Count Scorda has your secret, Juan Gallos. Be faithful to the count, or he will speak of the *Neapolita*!'"

"Why of the *Neapolita*? That is the name of a ship, is it not?" asked the countess.

"No matter, my dear sister. Some day you shall be told. Suffice it that Juan Gallos will know what I mean, and will soonor clasp off his right hand than speak of the *Neapolita*. He shall live an hour after I see danger to me in his life.

"That is well—so far as it goes," said the countess. "But it will not have to do with him as you have done with your spy."

"He has not yet served me so far as I need him," replied the count, his mind being upon that assassination of his sister of which he had spoken to Gallos.

"Very well. But take care. I hate Juan Gallos. If you have decided to deal with the Englishmen," said the countess, who then quitted the cabinet.

"Ay, and I doubt not you will attend well to that," said the count to himself, "if she kills, and evil comes of the attempt, I will say that it was her affair, and not mine. That is well known of her design. I would have prevented the attempt or the death of the carry if I could, but I hope she will. I knew that she would reject my proposal to have the Englishmen slain in the streets. I knew that she would conceive a plan of her own, and insist upon it. She always does. I shall be rid of her obstinacy and self-will ere long; but now I am pleased. So Juan Gallos is the *Neapolita* we used to hear so much about years ago. He shall be my very slave now—at least till I may have no further use for him."

The countess, who always acted coolly and strongly when anything like gratification of her hatred was before her and within her reach, spent no time in perfecting her plans for the arrest of Masters Maxton and Redwind—to whom we now return, as two servants bearing salvers of fruit, cake, and wine entered their presence.

"With our knowledge of Count Scorda's villainy and the warnings just given us by Juan Gallos," said Master Maxton in English to his cousin, "we would be fools to taste anything in this palace."

"Very true," replied Master Redwind, as the servants placed the salvers upon a table. "We will taste nothing, for I have learned that the Italians and Spaniards can poison even fruit just from the tree."

Four more servants now entered, bearing dishes smoking with viands. These four were closely followed by four others, bearing two great basketfuls of wine contained new and polished apparel, of velvet, silk and snow-white linen.

The Englishmen were men of great strength, and they struggled fiercely for a time; and their sole weapons; but their assailants had been selected for the arrest by Countess Inez herself, and by weapons well drawn.

The pretended chamberlain—a sergeant of the Inez Guards, and a man of immense strength—now took part in the fray, amazed by the resistance with which both of the Englishmen kept their feet, and the strength with which they battled against such great odds.

Neither of the cousins wasted his breath by uttering a single shout for aid, for each felt that it would be vain to hope for aid in that palace. Once each got an arm free; once each let out a single blow with his fist ere that arm was again grasped and held by mighty hands; and each blow broke the jaws of one of the guards. Once again Master Redwind was free to strike, and the sergeant fell back, groaning under the pain of two broken ribs.

Up and down and around said a confused mass of heads, heels and bodies locomoting in wild and furious motion here and there, and until every quarter of the room had been struggled over, did this mass cease to move; and in a moment silence that was broken by no spoken word, and only by the panting breath of the guards, and each bleeding nose.

Then a cord, a gag, bind and gag them without striking them a single blow," was the command of Countess Inez, as the struggle ceased, and she appeared at the door, followed by eight more men.

"In, and end this, but strike no blow," she said in this fresh force.

Thus attacked the brave Englishmen were hurled in a mass from the room till they were securely bound hand and foot and gagged.

The countess made a sign to the guards, and her orders instantly quitted the room, leaving her cousin alone with the captives, but remaining in reach of her call.

She closed the door, and approaching the prostrate and helpless men, looked down exultantly into the bold and defiant eyes of Master Redwind, and said in a tone of mockery to the Englishman:

"At last, Lord Windar, you are in the power of Inez del Scorda. You have escaped her for fifteen years ago, the daggers I bribed to slay you. You escaped in England. The danger of the second time. You escaped in England. The danger of the third time. You escaped in Spain. The danger of the fourth time. You escaped in Spain. The danger of the fifth time. You escaped in England. The danger of the sixth time. You escaped in England. The danger of the seventh time. You escaped in England. The danger of the eighth time. You escaped in England. The danger of the ninth time. You escaped in England. The danger of the tenth time. You escaped in England. The danger of the eleventh time. You escaped in England. The danger of the twelfth time. You escaped in England. The danger of the thirteenth time. You escaped in England. The danger of the fourteenth time. You escaped in England. The danger of the fifteenth time. You escaped in England. The danger of the sixteenth time. You escaped in England. 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THE STREET MUSICIANS.

BY GEORGE L. CATLIN.

One day, through a narrow and noisome street,
Where naught but squalor and poverty greet
The passer-by, I chanced to stray.
'Twas a mellow and bright October day.
A genial sunburn ran shone down
On rich and poor in the crowded town,
And over the housetops a deep blue sky
Greeted each beggar and passer-by.
While the very heavens seemed to smile
His hunger and weariness to beguile.
Bare-headed children, ragged and free,
Over the cobblestones romped in glee.
Lastly by a policeman walked;
Shoppers stood in their doorways and talked;
Now and then, with a glance downcast,
Some wreck of a sad past went staggering past
With trembling form, and a visage wan;
Yet the current of life went flowing on,
And the sky was blue, and the sunlight fell
On the happy ones, and the sad as well.

But, hark! through that narrow and crowded street,
Of a sudden there poured a melody sweet,
A volume of soft harmonious sound,
Strangely contrasting with all around;
And I paused to listen, while each sweet note
Pure as a warbling from robin's throat.
Seemed to float on the idle air to me,
To attic, and cellar and crazy stair,
And carry a whisper of peace and rest
Wherever it went, on its pathway blest.

'Twas a strolling band minstrel band of four
Who, standing before a groggery door,
With puffed out cheeks, and beating feet,
Were playing there in that busy street.
Vagabonds they, no doubt; in fact
Their garb was ragged, the trumpets cracked,
And they looked like men so seldom know
What 'twas to own a dollar or two.
Yet, spite of this, as I listened there
To the sweet soft notes of the plaintive air
That came from those minstrels, ragged and old,
I thought: "'Tis a message sent from God
Bringing reminders, pure and sweet,
To the poor and souls in this narrow street."

Then the little children over the way
Looked and wondered and stopped their play,
And the officer paused in his weary walk
And the gossiping shoppers ceased to talk.
And items tenement windows all about
There was many a weary face peeped out
And smiled at the joy that had suddenly come
To cheer its poverty-stricken home.

Out of the groggery, reeling, came
Into the sunlight on, for instance!
A man whose visage and mien bespoke
A dreadful bondage to Liquor's yoke;
A soul, of honor and pride bereft.
Yet, there were traces of manhood left.
And, as the music reached his ear,
He, staggering, paused—then lingered near
Abashed and doubting—then gave a start,
For the melody's sweet had touched his heart;
Those strains so plaintive and soft and low
Recalled the lullaby, long ago,
That his mother in tones so lovingly mild
Had sung to him as a little child.
Then, over him like a torrent, came
The sense of his present sin and shame,
And the tears came pouring down his cheek.
"Oh, God!" he cried, "I am frail and weak!"
And he slid his face, and murmured a prayer,
Out of the depths of his dark despair.
(God grant his penitent prayer was heard)
He turned away, and without a word,
But with steady step, and a figure bent,
Was lost in the hurrying, passing crowd.

The music ceased, and I went my way
But I ne'er shall forget that sunny day
When I heard that music, so soft and sweet,
Wafted down through that narrow street.

THE TWELVE O'CLOCK MAN.

Every day, for many years, just before noon, a man used to come into the space before the Brooklyn City Hall, and stand looking up at the clock, with the air of one who had made an appointment to meet some one there at that hour, but no one ever came.

When the hands of the clock had passed their moment of meeting and the minute hand hurried on leaving the other behind, the waiter would give a sigh and pass on. Then having reached the gate he would suddenly fix his eyes upon some fixture in the Egyptian style, still—seem to discover a mistake and look at the clock again. Then he would pace to himself upon the steps again and cover his face with his hands, and rise suddenly and come back near if the clock was fast. His motions were as much the same each day as are those of an actor, who repeats the same part to a new set of strangers were struck by their peculiarity. To the habitués of the place, he is known far as the "twelve o'clock man," and to some his coming was a source of amusement; others shook their heads and whispered that the poor man had lost his mind; but whatever they thought, however much they stared, at noon the man was always there, staring at the clock. The worst storm never kept him away, and Sabbath or holiday made no difference. He never met the one he came to meet, but he was always in time to see the hands cross themselves as the mark of noon.

When that clock of the City Hall which has looked down upon the streets of Brooklyn so many years was new, there lived in that city a man young, ardent, and full of hope, who, as most young men do, sooner or later, had fallen in love with a pretty woman and asked her to be his wife. The girl had consented and they were engaged. He desired to be married at once, but she refused to set the day. She had put him off for one reason or another for two years; and, meanwhile, he had had half-a-dozen quarrels with her, for she had been a great coquette, and even now one of her old lovers dangled about her.

Sometimes the man declared there must be an end to such work, but the girl could not bear to hear of her finger as she chose, and it always ended in a reconciliation, until, one day, he met the two walking together arm in arm in a lover-like way, and at last declared that he would bear no more. She must choose between them and choose speedily.

The girl was frightened: from that moment she at least pretended to compose herself to peace. She told her betrothed lover that she had no real tenderness for any one but himself, and that she had forbidden the other man to see her again. And he was happy, and all their meetings were pleasant. They were neither rich nor fashionable people, and his work occupied him all day, but in the evening they were together, and sometimes at the hour of noon, their mutual dinner hour, they stole a few moments for meeting. She left the store where she was employed, he left his work-shop, and they took a little meal together; and she was all he could have wished, kind, gentle, and loving, and only the eye's save for him. And she had set the wedding-day; and he thought only of the hour that should make her his.

It was close at hand, when one evening she told him with a smile that she would not meet him in the City Hall Park next day.

"I have a holiday," she said, "and I shall be there at noon. Why do you not take one too? We might go to some pleasant place and spend the afternoon," and he had agreed at once. "If I am not there at noon wait for me," she said.

And at noon the man was there watching the clock. The hands met and passed each other, and he looked eagerly toward the gates, but she did not come. She was late, but he was patient; for an hour and more he sat upon the steps, he lounged on the benches. One o'clock came. A policeman passed and he accosted him in the hope the clock kept good time; but still he was not uneasy.

"Wait for me," she had said; and he waited. All through the long afternoon he kept his post; but as the evening shadows crept on he felt sadly troubled. To leave might be to miss her, yet he longed to go in search of her. She might be ill, some accident might have happened.

At last, as it grew dark, he resolved to watch the employés leave the store where she was engaged, for it might be that the holiday had not been given after all. He sought the spot. She was not one of the little crowd of girls who left the store, but he knew one of them, and saluting her, asked if "Eliza" had not been there that day.

The girl looked at him in surprise.

"Oh, no, Mr. ——," she said, "Eliza left yesterday; didn't you know that?" Then she added: "We thought she was going to be married."

And now this ardent lover began to fancy that pecuniary trouble had befallen his darling.

"She has lost her place," he said. "Well, she must marry me at once. She shall not seek another." And then he set forward toward her home—a plain little boarding-house in a shabby street, thinking of her very tenderly and building bright air castles. They would be poor, but they would be happy. Still such a pretty little nest for his bird, if she was not rich, but she should have all she wanted.

As he stood on the door-steps, waiting for some one to answer him he felt that he had never loved her so well before.

A stupid girl answered the bell.

"Miss ——," she repeated; "oh, no, Miss —— has gone away." Then she remembered that she had been charged with a letter. "I guess it's for you," she said, taking it from her soiled apron pocket, "as the other man has gone with her, you know."

"What other man?" cried the poor fellow but the girl had shut the door, and he staggered away, and with trembling hands tore open the envelope, and read the letter while it lay by the light in a shop-window. It was very brief. This was all it said:

"I engaged myself to me in the Park. I tell you candidly that I never meant to meet you there. That I never intended to marry you. I went to meet Arthur, and he signed the new which you have entered—the journey of the married life—the life of all lives on earth, in that generation to come shall find ours or how, as you shall pursue your course for the future.

"And again, with thought of the journey of the new life that is opened to your feet, I ask you—WHERE are you going? Do you not comprehend? Ah! I see it in your faces that you do. You would like to reach the goal of age. You know the laws of health that must be obeyed to that end. But, above all else, you wish that old age may be a time of peaceful, and happy. And now, at the start, is the time to think and plan. Tom, my boy—Kitty, my blessed one,—whither away? Ah, 'To a happy old age!' say you. And you are right. But, if you would surely reach it, must not the way be marked out now? Is not this the hour, when your minds are clear, and your young bodies are fresh and strong in health, to resolve upon your course, and thenceforth to pursue it without swerving or faltering, with undying faith in God, and faith strong and abiding in your own truth and honor? Need I say more?

"No—there was no need. He had led them